

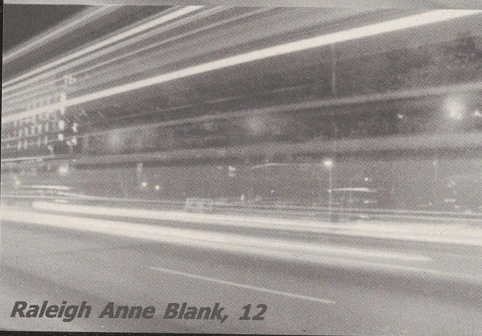


Hallmarks

Fall 2002



Hallmarks is a student-produced magazine designed to exhibit the creative work of Harpeth Hall students, published two times per year. Written submissions (in all genres) are evaluated by the staff on an anonymous basis.



Cover Art by
Emily Wall, 12

Raleigh Anne Blank, 12

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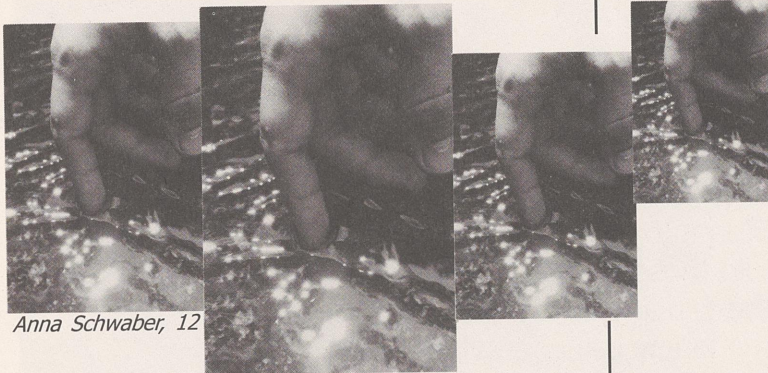
Laura Lee

EROSION

She stared at him with innocent blue eyes
as she watched him walk out of her life.
He stole a piece of her naïve heart
when he slammed the door in her face,
leaving nothing but the bipolar memories
that were imprinted in her soul.

She stared at him with malicious blue eyes
as she watched him walk out of her life.
He stole a piece of her vulnerable heart
when he slammed the door in her face,
leaving nothing but a few bowties and lies
that were soon to be discovered.

She stared at him with questioning blue eyes
as she watched him walk out of her life.
He stole a piece of her damaged heart
when he slammed the door in her face,
leaving nothing but a hint of falsified love
that would never be forgotten.



Anna Schwaber, 12

She won't stare at you with her painful blue eyes
as you watch her walk out of your life.
She has been forced to learn
that you too will leave
and slam the door in her face.
Besides,
she has no heart left for you to steal.

NANCY SISK, 11

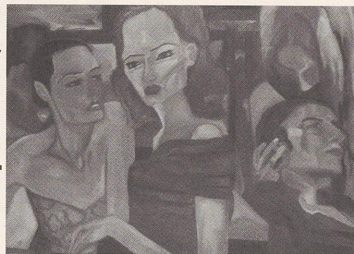
INTO A _____

NOCTURNE

Step into the big man's music to
join those who hear sex in every syllable:
the candied cuss loving ludeness
the lonely leaner craving crudeness.

They stumble into hazed success,
fill their minds with emptiness,
happily shatter hearts that hide
beneath a heavy reflection of lies.

Midway through the first refrain
dirt will separate from rain
as the grit of old, crawling crime
showers a little girl's lullaby.



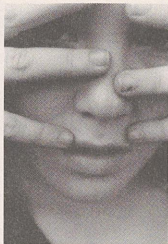
Kimia Ferdowsi, 12



Annie Huitt, 12

Last tones dissuade with silent sighs
but find no life in louder cries.

LAURA LEE, 12



HOLDING BACK

Christine Souder, 12

THOSE TEARS

She looked down at her pale, bony legs
While the long-legged models of the third grade
Whispered furiously,
Laughed cruelly,
And left her out intentionally.
She tried to be interested in the long, unraveling
string at the bottom edge of her
Starched, white cardigan,
Gazing at it as though it would take her away from
their snobby stares.
She longed to be unnoticed by them; she ached for
Invisibility.
She felt the hot, salty tears well up in her
Emerald, almond-shaped eyes.

The classroom blurred into a swimming vision of
colors.
Determined, she fought that overwhelming sensation
to be a six-year old again,
Crossing her skinny fingers,
As if somehow that would make those dreaded tears
disappear.
She blinked, and in an instant her pink skirt was
splattered with teardrops,
Stained with little girl innocence, yet embarrassing
shame.
Defeated by those hot, salty tears.

MOLLY CAMPBELL, 9

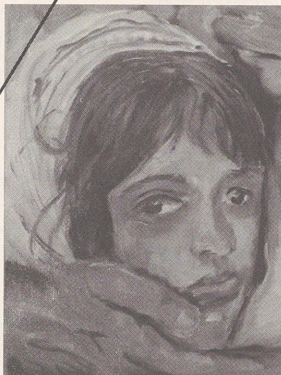
Sometimes I talk to myself
When no one seems to be watching
Sometimes I reach for help
Because there's no one there to stop me

Sometimes I wish you were next to me
That you hadn't left so soon
Sometimes I set you free
Only because I have to

**BLACK TO REPLACE
THE BLUE**

Here I am again brokenhearted
Alone and on the floor
Feeling betrayed and outsmarted
But not knowing what for

Staring at the wall
Writing graffiti with my eyes
I used to think I knew it all
Never saw through your lies



Adrienne Thomas, 12

I wait for black to replace the blue
Smiles to dry the tears
For time to tell the truth
And strength to ease my fears

Forever is a promise
Remember that next time
Be careful what you say
You can't afford to lie

MARGARET RILEY, 12



Meg Wright, 11

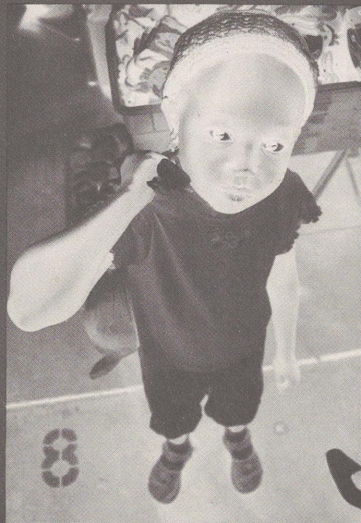
BLOCKING IT IN VAIN

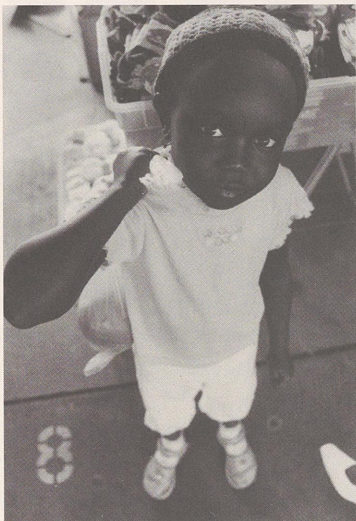
Don't ask
And I won't tell
And we'll never know
How far we fell

Don't smile
And I won't cry
And we'll never know
What passed us by

Don't speak
And I won't guess
And we'll never know
How we were blessed

Don't jump
And I won't fall
And we'll never know
It's when we had it all





Leigh Gernert, 12

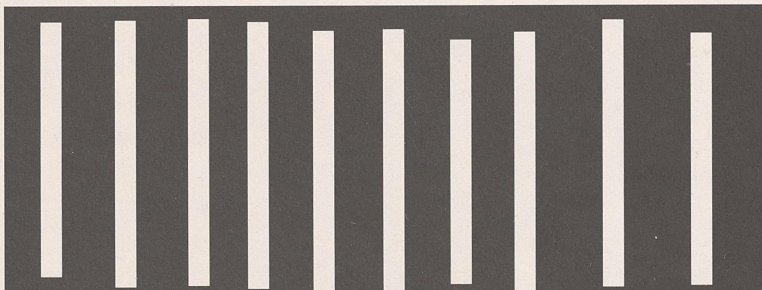
**Don't listen
And I won't overlook
And we'll never know
Our world that we shook**

**Don't stand
And I won't run
And we'll never know
Everything we have done**

**Don't leave
And I won't wait
And we'll never know
The truth of our fate**

**Don't scream
and I won't sigh
And we'll never know
That this is goodbye**

NANCY SISK, 11



NEIGHBORHOOD FOOTBALL

"Chicken on ball. Bak, bak, bak." Nelson batted his arms and imitated a chicken as he squatted on top of our most prized possession, the leather football.

"C'mon yall, hurray up," he said, standing up. "We already know what you're gonna do anyway."

"One second," my brother said, looking back at him from our huddle in his annoyed, I-am-better-than-you-voice that I'd heard all my life. He was the oldest of all of us and knew he could control everything we did. He was the biggest, strongest, and bravest, the leader of our neighborhood pack. We all looked up to David, especially the Stewart boys, Nelson, Bracey, and Drew, who lived next-door.

We were always with them; we shared a fort in our backyard and always played on their trampoline. Bo, Tyler, and

Luke, the Williams boys who lived on the other side of our house, also looked up to him, but their mom was so protective and cautious that she rarely ever let "her precious boys" play with us. Occasionally we'd see little Luke peek in our windows with his Harriet the Spy binoculars and yellow raincoat, searching for chocolate-chip cookies or my dad's famous homemade ice cream. Sometimes Mrs. Williams came over to complain to my mom about how we broke one of her windows with a water balloon again, but we didn't see them much besides that, at least no one but Bo. Our mom forced us to play with him; David had decided that he didn't like him, so none of us did. Mrs. Williams's biggest fear was one of her boys getting hurt, but on this particular day, she let Bo play with us.

"All right, guys, this is the last play. 'Member, we're the Tennessee football team and they're the Gators. It's the championship game, and we gotta win! We just have to! M.K., now they're expecting me to give you the ball, so you're gonna run behind me and I'll fake like I'm giving it to you. Then Moon will go long and we'll do a Hail Mary."

"Woo hoo!," exclaimed Drew, who rarely ever got the ball.

"And you, you gotta catch the ball this time, Moon." (We all called Drew "Moon" because every time we played Spotlight Tag, he would moon all of us; he had that reputation, and he was proud of it.)

"I will this time. I won't let 'ya down, David!" He nodded at David, narrowing his eyes and giving him a reassuring look like he was given a grand, top-secret mission and would let the whole country down if he didn't succeed.



Mary Stengel, 12

"Ok good. All right, Nelson, we're ready." We all walked over to where the ball was, as David bent down to start the play.

"Finally," said Bracey. "Seemed like we were waiting for Christmas."

"Ok, Bracey, you got Moon; I'll get David; and Bo, you guard the girl," ordered Nelson to his team. I was often referred to as "the girl" because I was the only girl who played with them, even though I was better than all the boys except David and Nelson.

We all lined up. David took a deep breath and looked at Sam and me as if this play were the most important thing in the

world. I really believe he thought it was the championship of some Super Bowl and that it'd be the end of the world if we lost.

Luke ate his cookies and cheered Bo's team on in his big yellow jacket and long green pants that sagged below the bottoms of his shoes. He was allergic to grass and had to wear pants all year long, even in the summer. "C'mon Bo, get 'em!" was all he could scream before taking another bite of his gigantic cookie.

I glared across the imaginary line that you weren't allowed to cross at Bo, who gave an equally evil look back, as David started the play: "Down, sssseeeetttt, hut! Go, go!"

I ran behind David and gave the best fake I could and went running between the two trees that were the end zone. Bo and Nelson actually followed me and then dropped their mouths as I laughed at them.

I stopped when I saw David throw a perfect spiral to Drew. Now it was all up to him. We would leave as proud winners, or we would leave as big losers. That was it, and this was the big moment.

Drew jumped into the air and grabbed the ball with both of his hands. I leaped in excitement, but then just stood dumbfounded when I saw the ball drop down to the ground. You couldn't see it; it was hidden in the tall grass, but we knew it was there. Everyone knew. We lost.

"Aww, man! C'mon, Moon, that was a perfect pass and you know it!" David shook his head and looked down at the grass while Nelson, Bracey, and Bo screamed in happiness.

"Yes! We won! We won!" they all chanted in our faces. "The Florida Gators beat the Tennessee Volunteers in the championship once again! Hahaha!"

David stared at them, wanting to join in their laughter and cheering but knowing that he couldn't. For the first time in his life, he was a loser, and so were Drew and I. Drew was kneeling on the ground with his hands in his face. I felt sorry for him. I was a loser, too, but Drew was the biggest one today, even bigger than Bo. He dropped the pass, the pass that could've won the game for us, and he had tried so hard.

It wasn't an ordinary day. Almost every other day in my backyard football career, David's team had won. It wasn't even a question-- his team just always won. It was weird for all of us, but especially weird for David. He was no longer the hero of the day. He had dropped from the best to one of the worst, and all in one play. Every one knew that it wasn't his fault, and even though he blamed Drew for dropping the pass, deep down he blamed himself.

After Nelson, Bracey, and Bo had finally stopped cheering, even though it would go on for weeks, we walked over to the Stewart's trampoline and ate Popsicles under the hot summer

sun-- that is, all of us except David. He stayed back, said that he didn't feel well, even though we all knew what was really wrong with him, and sat inside with his football, thinking about the game. He would do that for the rest of the afternoon and then that night too, but the next day, we all knew that David would be out in the backyard first thing in the morning, demanding a rematch.

MARY KATHERINE BARTHOLOMEW, 9



Raleigh Anne Blank, 12

Come closer to me
Come see what I need you to see
Come closer to me
Come find me and show me everything

DRAW ME CLOSER

-A SONG-

Bring me to the lighter days
Sprinkled with red, gold and blue
Draw me closer and say my name
Take my hand and show me what to do

I want you to draw me closer
With the pen that you hold in your hand
Paint my face a million colors
Merely bristles making the plan

Walk beside me
Hold the candle carefully
Walk inside of me
Feel my heart and
its complexity



Christine Souder, 12

I can't stop what I'm feeling
I can't cry out your name
With your pencil, erase my emotions
With your hand, sweep the dust away.

I want you to draw me closer
With the pen that you hold in your hand
Paint my face a million colors
Merely bristles making the plan.

Simple sketches in your mind
Maybe I can see them too
Ripped papers and smudged lines
Faint visions draw me closer to you

STEPHANIE COMPTON, 11



Lauren Ezell, 12

RUN OF THE MILL

I am the man, the common man, the man no one sees
The intermediate mingler, whom one may not perceive

I do not shine, no dancing lights, no polish, luster, or sheen
I am the middle, the mode, the median, and plainly regular mean.

I have more than an idiot, as idiots are well known.
On the contrary I have no treasure, no trophy of my own.

As I park myself in the middle row, middle seat sitter, mediocre
I dangle my feet to touch the river, but they only skim it over.

I struggle to find the cloud of assurance, in the highest firmament
But with every other step of sand, I am forced to quit.

I cannot complete the entire course; I am stuck in the in-between,
Amid the other exquisite flowers, I discover what is key.

In countless scores of circumstance, I find an idea to paint
Blatantly and by design, the average is quite quaint.

Unlike a marsh land or a swamp, or distastefulness so fickle,
In the famous Oreo, the paramount is the middle.

In the human body, specific design to every part,
The vitality and soul of life is the ever-center heart.

The tables turn as they always do, to reveal what has always been.
Perhaps it may not be so dreadful to be one of the common men.

KATIE ATKINS, 12

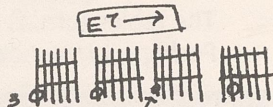


INTRO ||: E7 → Am E7 ^{Am} E7 → Am E7 ^{Am} E7 || E7

RESTLESS HEARTS

VERSE I

Midnight church bells echo through the streets below
A solitary figure huddles in the cold
Wrinkled dress
Hair a mess
Smile three hours old



VERSE II

Illuminated pavement draws her to her feet
A pair of lonely headlights, hidden wheels beneath
Rush of warmth
Swinging doors
Only empty seats

She gave all she had so he could take it away
A broken promise for every one he made

^{Am} THE MIDNIGHT CHURCH BELLS ECHOES TI
^{Am} A SOLITARY FIGURE Huddled IN THE
^C WRINKLED DRESS, ^{Bm} HAIR A MESS, ^{Am} SM

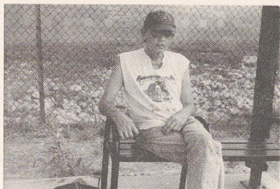
CHORUS I

She's waiting for a bus
She knows will never come
He jumped off at the stop for restless hearts

VERSE III

A year now since she woke up with him by her side
Every waking moment dreamin' of blue eyes
Spiteful words
Truth unheard
Now, she wonders why

^C SHE GAVE ALL SHE HAD SO HE COULD TAKE IT AWAY
^{Bm} A BROKEN PROMISE FOR EVERY ONE HE MADE



Christine Souder, 12

She gave all she had so he could take it away
A broken promise for every one he made

CHORUS II

She's waiting for a bus
She knows will never come
He jumped off at the stop for restless hearts

BRIDGE

All the final fares are paid
The city goes to sleep
Reality settles in
She swallows her tears

CHORUS III

She's waiting for a bus
She knows will never come
He jumped off at the stop for restless hearts

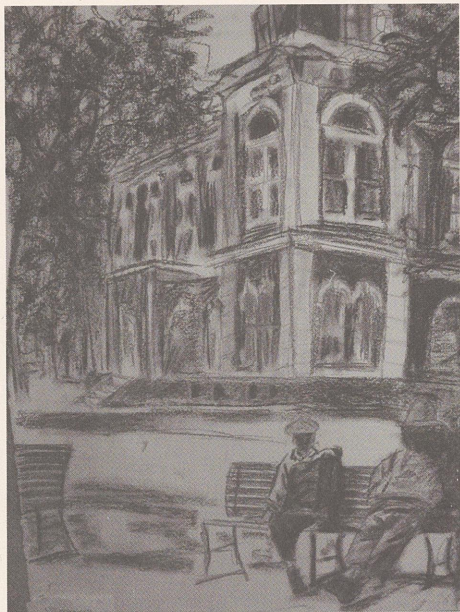
CHORUS IV

She's waiting for a bus
She knows will never come
He jumped off at the stop for restless hearts



Lauren Ezell, 12

LAUREN EZELL, 12



Coe Peterman, 12

***CONSCIOUSLY
UNCONSCIOUS***

Just dumb
Just silly
I plummet to the bottom
Of a promising blackboard

Too much
Too fast
Too smart to fall through
Cracks of a system
Smiling
At the sights and smells of progress
While wrenching my hands,
Cranking my mind into worthless pursuits
Of puzzles and paragraphs, pie graphs and words

Can't learn
Can't think
Of nothing expected
From silence unheard

Wasted by worry
Wasted in words

Chalky quiet claws my skull
Pulls me out
To try

LAURA LEE, 12

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